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TABLES.

THE DANCING FEATHER, OR THE AMATEUR FREEBOOTERS

BY J. H. INGRAHAM,

Author of "Lafitte," "Capt. Kyd," "Burton," "The
Quadrone," &c.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE Robbers' Den—Hayward discloses the Death of Morris Græme—Hayward's Peril—The Rescue.

Around the table in the centre of the subterranean hall which he had been conducted to by the passage he had traversed from the basement of the dwelling, he recognised faces he had seen on board the "Dancing Feather." He looked in vain, however, for the features and commanding bearing of their chief, whom he had once since met at the Brown Jug in company with Red Fred. He had, now as Morris Græme had imitated, doubtless hid himself, for the present, until the vigilance of the Police should abate, or he could gain time to temporize with them and buy them over.

Hayward now saw that he had unknowingly penetrated into the very heart and rendezvous of the band of secret outlaws! He gazed sometime upon their wild bacchanalian orgies. Silver tankards were on the board and silver cups were in the hands of many. The richest wines were in abundance, and cards, cigars, dirks and pistols were confusedly mingled with glasses, decanters and fruit. It was evidently a gala night. He saw that most of them were intoxicated, and felt that if he were discovered by them, his life would be forfeited unless he should enter into solemn compact with them.

"But what matters it how I die! I am on my way to deliver myself to justice for a murder. I will confess it to these and let them bring me before the authorities if they will!"

The long train of painful circumstances which had followed poor Hayward from his first entrance into New-York, up to this moment had, with the supposed murder of Græme, wrought up his mind to a species of calm despair! Life was no longer a blessing—death was a relief. Under the action of these feelings he strode into the hall of revel, and approaching Red Fred, laid his hand upon his shoulder before his presence was discovered by any one.

Red Fred at this unexpected salutation sprung to his foot with the cry, "The hounds!" and

drawing a pistol, levelled it at Hayward. In the act he recognised him, and threw a dozen pistols and knives that were aimed at his life from others, for every man had sprung to his feet.

"Hold, my mates! he is a friend," said Fred; "though by the grip upon my shoulder, I tho't Old Hay shad scented us out. So, my knight of the harpoon, you have repented and come to join us! Give us your hand."

Hayward after touching him on the shoulder, had folded his arms upon his breast, and stood calmly before him. He now replied,

"No!"

"No! then why are you here?" asked Hetty Bell earnestly laying a hand upon his.

"To deliver myself up for the murder of your chief!"

"Ha! murdered! Carlton murdered? Down with him!" were the furious cries.

"Not Carlton, but Morris Græme? he answered, unmoved by the wild uproar he had created around him.

"Morris Græme dead?" was repeated on all sides, in a tone less fierce, but deeper and more appalling than before.

"I have murdered him in the room above stairs where he confined me," he said, addressing Red Fred.

"Who knows the room?"

"Follow me cried the tall girl whom Hayward supposed Morris' mistress. "Some of you seize him and detain him.

Red Fred, preceded by the girl and Hetty Bell and followed by half a dozen of the men, who dragged Hayward along with them, left the apartment for the chamber. On entering it, they beheld Græme lying upon the floor, apparently dead. The girl threw herself upon his body with a shriek, while all were filled with horror!

"How was this done?" demanded Red Fred of Hayward,

"I strangled him. We struggled for life and he fell."

"There may be life in him," some one cried.

"Let me see!" exclaimed the girl; and tearing open his vest, she laid her hand upon his heart. For a moment there was a deep silence, which was broken by a glad cry,

"He lives! he lives!"

Fred placed his own hand there.

"His heart beats faintly as an infant's pulse, but still it beats!"

Those words fell like a blessing from Heaven upon Hayward's soul. He was not then a mur-

derer, if perchance life could be restored. Every means were now used to bring back animation which had been suspended so many hours, and by the aid of the lancet, baths, and application to the head and extremities, he at length was revived so as to open his eyes. In an hour he sat up and spoke with the possession of perfect consciousness.

Hayward, in the meanwhile, had been held prisoner in one corner of the chamber between two men with dirks drawn in their hands. Red Fred having explained to Morris the events that had transpired, then demanded what should be done with Hayward.

"Guard him, on your lives, in the lower hall till morning. I shall then be better, and will take my own revenge."

Hayward was then dragged away through the passage he had first traversed towards the scene of revelry, and being led to the opposite extremity of the subterranean hall, was thrust rudely into a dark vaulted room, which, from the roar of wheels above his head, he believed to be beneath the pavement of the street.

The revelers returned to their drinking, and late into the night the sounds of their bacchanalian orgies reached his ear. At length these gradually ceased, and all was silent save the occasional heavy tramp of a watchman above his head. His first act, on being left to himself, had been devoutly to offer grateful thanks to Heaven that he was no murderer. He now began to feel a love for life, and to contemplate escape. He carefully examined the sides of the vault, and even the arched roof, to see if possible egress might not be made into the street over his head. But the closer he scrutinized the place the firmer his conviction was that he could not escape. There was no kind of instrument in the cell, and no outlet, save the door, by which he could escape.

"Escape is impossible! I will commit myself to Heaven, and meet my fate on the morrow with resignation. I will die rather than sacrifice my integrity."

He was startled by a slight noise at his door. He listened and heard the lock turn in it. The idea of assassination entered his thoughts, and while he committed his soul to God he resolved to defend his life. He stood back, and the door opened and instantly closed. All was dark, save a faint gleam from the revel hall through the door ere it closed. He felt some one was present in the cell with him. Each instant he waited for a blow from an unseen hand. Suddenly a dark lantern was sprung, and the cell was filled with light. The

shade of the lantern prevented him from discovering who held it, but he could see that it was a female. She approached him, slightly averting the direction of the rays, and he saw, to his surprise, that it was Hetty Bell.

"Henry Hayward," she said, at once addressing him, thought in a low, cautious tone; "It is resolved that you are to be starved to death in this place."

"God have mercy on my soul," groaned Hayward.

"Yet you have one mode of escaping this fate."

"Name it, and I will bless you."

"Sign this condition of the secret society;" and this extraordinary young girl took from her bosom a paper, and unrolled it before him. It contained, he saw at a glance, several resolutions, and appended to them were upwards of one hundred signatures, at the head of which was Morris Græme's and George Carlton's. She sat down the lantern, and holding the parchment toward him, offered him a pen in an ink stand.

"Who sent you hither?"

"Carlton."

"And Morris Græme?"

"He says his own vengeance will be complete enough if you sign it."

"And now read the regulations?" asked Henry, eagerly.

"That whoever subscribes to them obeys all orders of the chief, to whose commands those both of God and man are merely secondary. It is but your name—a mere scratch of the pen!"

"Which the tears of angels could never blot out! No, never!"

"I will die, if such be my fate, but it will be with the sweet consciousness of fearing God more than man—of loving life less than his laws."

"Then you will perish! I am sorry for you—for you have a brave and noble nature! You may become the chief of the band!"

"Woman, urge me not. I am ready to die—never ready to sacrifice my integrity."

The young girl gazed a few moments on his pale face after he had firmly and calmly thus replied to her, with a look of admiration and surprise.

"This is your decision then?"

"Yes."

"You die then?"

"Be it so."

"You will perish slowly, day by day, not a mouthful of bread given you."

"Man lives not by bread alone, but obedience to the words and commandments of God."

"Water will not even be given you."

"There is a well of living water, of which I shall soon drink and never thirst again."

"I do not understand you. But will you perish for a mere scratch of a pen?"

"You have my answer."

She slowly folded up the paper, and replaced it in her bosom, took the lantern from the ground, and then said, in a low, earnest tone,

"Follow me?"

"Whither?"

"Do you, who fear not to die, fear to follow where a young girl leads?"

"I obey."

She passed softly from the cell and led the way through the hall of the late revels, winding her way lightly and noiselessly among drunken sleepers,

until she came into the long passage leading beneath Græme's dwelling, by which Hayward had first found his way to the banquet room. Surprised, wondering, yet unhesitating, he followed her until she came to the basement room beneath the house. From this, instead of going up into the rooms occupied by Græme, she turned aside into a narrow entry and after traversing it ascended a broken flight of steps into an empty room. This she traversed and opening a door, Hayward found himself in the same billiard room he had passed through on his first visit with Morris Græme. He knew that the way to the rear entrance of the dwelling lay through this room and his mind was instantly filled with the hope of escape. She, however, gave him no time for reflection but led him at once into the gallery already familiar to him and at length stopped, and throwing the whole light of her lantern full upon the door which he well knew led into the lane. How wildly his heart beat at the idea of liberty. And was this strange girl leading him to freedom? She who but a few moments before was tempting him, with all the allurements and arguments in her power, to sign the constitution of the band as the only alternative of life? While he was bewildered with the thoughts the seeming inconsistency of her conduct created in his mind, she said in the free, frank tone characteristic of her.

"You are now at liberty. If you had signed this paper I offered you, *nevertheless* would have perished. It was Morris Græme's resolution to make you sign it and *then* starve you to death. He aimed to destroy both your body and soul! You see what you have escaped! I have resolved if you refused to sign it, to set you free! I have heard of the honor and integrity of men, but I have from my childhood been surrounded by evil men and believed not that it existed. You have now convinced me that there is a goodness in our nature and an excellence and dignity in virtue, I thought existed only in romances, which have been my only reading. If I were not debased like those around me, I should love you and seek to win your love! But as it is, I must only bear you in my heart, and live in the recollection of virtues I have never known."

"You are a strange girl! Worthy, though thus associated!" said Hayward, who struck with her words and the natural energy and eloquence of her manner. "You have a mind above these around you, and a heart, that kindly cultivated, would produce excellent fruit. Why do you remain associated with those you despise and whose errors you are convinced of?"

"A woman once fallen can never rise again," she answered with an energy and pathos that startled him. "But let us not waste time here! You are free!" and placing a key in the lock she threw open the door and the free air blew cool and refreshing upon the late prisoner's brow. "Go, and remember me, if there is not guilt in the remembrance of one so guilty."

Hayward would have spoken, but his emotion and sympathy were too great for utterance, and pressing her hand to his lips, and bidding God bless her, he left her, followed by a low and touching "farewell!" in a tone that he felt he should remember to his dying day.

The next moment the door closed behind him, and he took his way rapidly up the lane. As he

reached the main street the city clock tolled four. To revive his spirits he walked towards the Battery, and there lingered, with the bay and misty islands before him, till the sun rose, reflecting upon the strange scenes through which he had passed.

The morning was intensely hot, and the fasting fatigue and excitement with the action of the sun, created a fever of his brain which begun to alarm him. It was now eight o'clock, and few persons were walking there save nurses and their juvenile charges, and bachelor gentleman taking their solitary morning promenade. He reclined upon one of the settees awhile, and finding himself becoming much worse and that his mind wandered, he rose up and walked towards the gate to find shelter in some public bar-room, till he should be better. He succeeded in reaching the gate and opening it, when he staggered forward and fell. At this moment a carriage was turning out of Broadway towards the Brighton ferry, containing a gentleman and two ladies. The gentleman, on seeing him fall, regarded him as some person intoxicated, and was turning away when the young lady slightly shrieked and cried to the coachman to stop. A second glance told Colonel Powell, who had left his seat, with his wife and Kate, early that morning to spend a few days at Brighton, that the person, who had fallen so lifeless was the young man who had saved his children's lives. He instantly sprang from the carriage, and Hayward was placed in it, while the coachman received orders to return at once in his house which was six miles from the city. They saw as they gazed upon him, as they rode, that he was suffering with high fever, and taking up a physician with them, soon arrived at their destination. Here he was placed in a comfortable chamber and every attention was bestowed upon him by the grateful family, who ignorant of his name, or of his circumstances, or the cause of his suffering, obeyed only the dictates and impulses of gratitude. They sought not to penetrate the mystery that hung around him, nor to ask if he were evil or good, but they thought only of saving that life which had been so nobly risked for those of their children.

CHAPTER X.

Hayward recovers from his illness—An agreeable surprise—Love—A mutual confession—Hayward's Marriage—Success of an Author—Blanche Hillary re-appears—Her adventures—The last Cruise of the Dancing Feather—The one armed Man—Conclusion.

When our hero awoke to consciousness from the state of insensibility into which he had fallen, he found himself in a chamber, richly furnished, with curtains of blue silk to the bed, and damask drapery drawn before the windows, through which a soft, dreamy light was diffused throughout the apartment. He gazed around him with surprise, and for some minutes could not recollect himself. At length the scenes he had gone through came up to his memory, and he remembered that he had last known himself to be in a room of the prison, surrounded by the low and vicious. He then recalled to mind Morris Græme, and instantly the idea flashed upon his thoughts that he was in the chambers or that guilty young man!

He started at the idea, and raising himself from the pillow, as if to rise, fell back instantly from weakness. He caught a glimpse of his face in a mirror, and saw that it was thin and deadly pale. His arm felt sore, and looking at it, he saw that it was bandaged.

"How long can I have been insensible," he said to himself; "It appears to me that it has been an age! I have been blind—I surely have been ill! I have some indistinct recollection of strange events—of I know not what—of the mingled evil and good—of the bright and happy, and dark and guilty! Where am I? Can this be Morris Græme's room? I am alone, I will go to the window and draw the curtain! a glance into the street will tell me if I am his involuntary guest!"

On a chair, by his bedside, was a gentleman's morning wrapper.

With some exertion, and exhibiting great debility, he got to his feet and threw the garment about him. He was as pale as an invalid months confined, and looked wasted and delicate, like one in the consumption.

"It is strange," he thought, wondering, "that one day should have made such a change in me! I am helpless as a child. How wasted my wrist is, how thin my fingers. Surely I have been very ill without being aware of it—perhaps for weeks—for my brain is filled with strange visitations of memory from the past! How strange that I am here! How strange that I am left alone!"

By the aid of a hand upon the chair, and the assistance of his other hand upon the couch, he made his unsteady way over the thick soft carpet to the window? He put aside the curtain, and to his unspeakable surprise, his gaze fell not upon masses of brick edifices, towers and congregated roofs, but upon a green lawn, sloping to a beautiful expanse of water, with verdant banks beyond, adorned with villas, groves and gardens!

He stood for a few moments lost in amazement. Where could he be! What mysterious scenes had he been an involuntary actor in!—Whither had his destiny brought him! What strange events had transpired!

While he leaned against the window, wondering at these things, and gazing upon the beautiful scene before him, it all at once struck him that it was not new to him. There was a wooded headland on the right, forming with a small verdant point below it a beautiful basin! A second look convinced him that the basin was that from which he had rescued Catharine Powell!

At thought of her the blood rushed from his heart to his temples, and he would have fallen but for the support of the window and curtain. After a moment he recovered himself, and looking again more closely at the prominent objects in the scenery, he became convinced that it was the place!—Could he be in Col. Powell's mansion. If so, how came he there?"

While he was putting this question to himself, the door of the chamber, which was ajar, softly opened, and a hand with a vial in it, and then a face gently appeared! The countenance was that of a middle aged woman, in a neat cap and black silk kerchief! She glanced towards the bed, and started with surprise at seeing it vacant. A look towards the window told her what had become of its late occupant!

With a look of alarm she retreated from the chamber, leaving Henry at the window. The moment afterwards a young and beautiful girl stole softly into the chamber, and with a timid, yet decided step, approached the spot where he stood!

It was Kate Powell.

She was slight and graceful in person, with the richest dark brown hair in the world, half gathered about her head, half loose over her fair shoulders. Her eyes were softest hazel in their hue, heavily lidded and full of feeling and truth! She was a brunette, with a delicate rose hue shading her soft cheek. Her mouth was firmly shaped, yet sweetly beautiful! She was indeed a lovely creature, a child of nature, a bright, artless girl, with sunshine in her face and goodness in her heart. The energy and self-sacrificing nature of her character is already known by those who remember the scenes in the third chapter of this romance.

She now came in softly, with a look of surprise and gentle sympathy upon her features, towards the place where Henry stood with his back towards her.

"Yes," he said, as he looked out upon the bright waters, "there is the spot where first I saw that noble creature! There did I first learn to love! How wildly my heart throbbed as I felt hers beating against my own, as I supported her in those waves that now sleep there so quietly—waves that for me, yes but for me (joyous thought!) might have been her grave! And now by some mysterious Providence I am once more brought to this spot! What recollections of new born love rise to memory as I gaze upon the scene so dear to me! And she—the fair being my soul adores! can she be near me. Is the thread of my fate woven with hers? Ah, no, no! I am still but a poor student, though I am mysteriously surrounded by luxury.—Oh, that I could but behold her once more, I would kneel at her feet, and asking pardon for my mad love, leave her forever. How much her form has mingled in my dreams of fate."

A gentle hand was laid upon his arm. The touch thrilled to his heart. He turned, and the smiling happy face of Kate Powell met his gaze. The intellectual countenance of the invalid kindled with a glow of surprise but pleasure, while his emotion was so great as nearly to overcome him. An ottoman was in the window, and half through debility, half by her gentle force, he sunk upon it.

"So, sir," invalid, she said, blushing while she reproved, "so you have taken it upon yourself to act without your medical adviser, and taking advantage of old nurse's momentary absence, to run to the window! But," she added with feeling, and in a low, touching tone, "this is no way to give acknowledgment for the great blessing of your convalescence. Thank God for it." And the warm-hearted enthusiastic girl pressed his hand!

Is it all a dream? Is he indeed beneath the same roof with the idol of his heart's devoted worship! Is he present with her? Does she bend over him, her hand in his, her eyes full of tears of gratitude gazing down upon his pale features, and her voice of music, low and modulated, expressing words of interest and sympathy that made that one moment like years of ordinary joy?

He sought her eyes! His voice faltered, yet he spoke.

"Sweet girl—dearest being of a true heart's love—I can not realize this moment! Do you feel an interest in me. Can I credit my senses? Has Heaven blessed me with the only wish of my heart.

No, no! all is delusion—I fear, alike! This

scene—this room—my wasted person—why am I here. Tell me, lady, do I dream?" he said, lost between doubt and joy.

"You have indeed been long strangely and wildly dreaming," she said feelingly; "but now, thank Heaven you are awake to reason and consciousness! Oh, how my heart kneels in prayer within me, before God's footstool, for this blessing. But you are too ill to sit up." The crisis is passed but you must not be imprudent! I will send Aunt Nelly, the nurse, in to see you back to bed!"

"But one—one moment, dearest vision, for I am still incredulous—tell me if I have been ill!"

"Many, many weeks," she said, smiling at his surprise.

"And how come—"

"Nay, nay," she said playfully tapping his lips with her fore finger, "you must not talk. You will have a return of fever and delirium."

"Then I have been delirious! I must be so now, and imagine I experience the happiness of seeing and conversing with you."

"Mind me, sir, you must not speak. Go to bed, and after you have had another night's rest, I will come and see you and let you talk a little!"

"And will you tell me all?" he asked smiling.

"All except what and whom you talked about in your fever," she said archly. "That I will keep to myself. Oh, you have told such a great many secrets!"

"Yet none, save that of my poverty, I would fear to disclose to all the world," answered Henry firmly.

"Did you not have one you would have kept?" she added in a low tone, and dropping her fringed eye lids to the floor.

"There was one," he answered, also averting his glance, "which only madness would have led me to divulge! Your own generous sympathy and forgiveness I have already felt is mine for the unintentional offence. I beg you will forget that I have, if I have done so, made you an involuntary father confessor!" he added, with an embarrassment that caused the faint blood to tint his white, blue-veined forehead.

"You must atone for it, and I will revenge myself by making you confessor!" These words were spoken in a gay tone, but the rosy cheek, the heaving vesture, the cast-down, half-averted eyes, showed Henry that they came from the deepest fountains of a woman's heart. He trembled with joy. For a moment, he stood by him, silent and trembling—a beautiful statue of Hebe, warming into life and love!

It was a *silent confession*, and the invalid student listened with his heart. He took her hand and inspired with new strength he rose and knelt at her feet.

"You love me, sweet Catharine?" he said tremblingly.

"Yes, with all my heart, dear Henry," replied the noble girl.

He drew her towards him, yielding to his slight force, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips, which she returned by pressing those bright lips upon his white forehead.

Thus was sealed a strong, pure and abiding passion between two youthful lovers, whose des-

times had been so singularly mingled, but whose positions so far as regards this world's wealth, Fortune, but a short time before had seemed to design, should be widely severed.

Henry rose to his feet and clasped her to his heart! The nurse's footstep approaching interrupted them, and Catharine bidding him at once to lie down, disengaged herself from his embrace and blushing fled the chamber, passing aunt Nelly in the door.

Weeks rolled on and Hayward was still the honored guest of Col. Powell. The golden glory of the autumn faded away into the sere and yellow leaf, and the rich garniture of the woodlands cumbered the chill sward, the birds flew off to warmer regions and the face of Nature put on the severe aspect of winter. Yet the health of Henry, shaken with his sickness and the trying scenes he had undergone was so far from being re-established, that to quit the roof that sheltered him seemed little short of madness. Duty compelled him to write to his father his adventures, and explain his present position. He was both surprised and gratified at the answer he received. The letter contained the agreeable intelligence that the Rev. Mr. Hayward, either from the fame of his talents or the influence of some powerful friends, had received an invitation from a metropolitan parish, where he was living respected and contented. The reverses he had suffered had taught him as well as his son a useful lesson, and he now deplored, in affecting language, the errors he had committed.

The winter sun was setting on a landscape which the severity of the season had clothed with its peculiar charms, glowing through the tracery of the branches in the woods, each limb and twig of which were laden with glittering icicles that multiplied its rays, and pouring a flood of light through the sparkling frost-work of the windows in the Gothic library, where Henry sat in communion with his host!

"The time is come, sir," said the former, "for me to set forth again upon my wayfaring. Sickness and misfortune have too long rendered me an inactive visitor."

"Say, rather, an honored guest," replied Col. Powell. "My son, in me you have found a second father. Such I will be to you, nor shall any scruples of yours prevent my acting as such. Good God! what would this house have been but for you? This mansion would have been a house of mourning and as for me, I should have lain my grey hairs with sorrow in the grave. To you we owe life, and all that makes life pleasant and endurable."

Hayward vainly endeavored to check the Colonel's expression of his gratitude.

"Sir," said Colonel Powell, "I see I must use authority over you. I haven't forgotten that I have been a soldier, nor laid aside with the profession of arms the military habit of dictation.—This is to be your home. I am not past service yet, thank God! but the care of my property is growing somewhat onerous, and I wish to shift its burden upon younger shoulders. If you consent to act as agent for me you will find enough to do—and your leisure hours may be devoted to that literature you love so much and to which you are destined to become an ornament. Believe me, I know all that has passed between you and Kate—you loved each other when you knew nothing

about each other, a couple of young fools, excuse me, as you were, and I liked you better for it, like an old fool, as I was, Ahem! You know what your French author says—*qui vet sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit*—he who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks himself."

"It was folly, sir—madness for me to aspire to the hand of Miss Powell?"

"It was no such thing youngster. Kate Powell though I say it that shouldn't say it, is the very finest girl in New York, perhaps in the world, but what of that! Ar'n't you the finest, aye, the noblest young fellow that ever trod the earth. You needn't answer me, I know you are."

"Alas, sir, I am poor," faltered Hayward, with a faint smile.

"I know you are—what of that? Rich men's sons are good for nothing—and Kate—my Kate, should never marry one of the rascals. I always said so, I always meant so. For why? Hasn't she a fortune of her own, and what's the use of joining two great fortunes, it only fosters extravagance.—So there you have the matters plain before you.—Kate loves you, you love her, and I love you both, and if you go to refuse to marry her and break the hearts of all three—hang me if, I don't shoot you—that's one consolation!"

Could the heart of a deeply enamoured lover hold out against the combined assaults of passion, and the union of argument, whim, benevolence, and menace which the gallant Colonel brought against it, No! it yielded.—

Kate and Henry were married. Romances in two volumes, aye, and shorter tales like ours, and frequently the dramas of real life, end with a marriage, but the romance of Henry and his bride did not terminate with their wedding. Their honeymoon did not set in clouds, nor did Hayward look less tenderly on his companion when the name of bride had given way to the dearer and more sacred one of wife. They were a domestic pair and made the light and life of the Gothic villa of the jovial old Colonel. Yet they mixed occasionally in the winter gayeties of the city, and it was there that Kate became acquainted with Blanche Hillary and made her promise to make a long visit to the villa when the pleasant weather had set in.

Hayward found plenty of indoor employments for the winter months, for he was engaged upon a literary work, his first essay as an author. It was published anonymously, for Hayward had no ambition to become a lion, and the success of his work, for it was triumphantly successful, was dearer to him when it lighted up the countenances of his home companions, than if it had induced the multitude to gaze upon him with looks of admiration whenever he went forth. His success and the turn of his mind determined him to lead a literary life.

The reader may wish to know something of the gang of freebooters. The police obtained some hints from a treacherous member of the secret association and employed all their vigilance and art in endeavoring to secure and bring them all to justice. But these miscreants were too wary and too much on the alert to be taken in the snare. They dispersed and fled, and when the officers of justice gained possession of their hold, they found it silent and deserted. The Dancing Feather came back to the hands of her builder, and from him, notwithstanding the bad odor of its former reputation, was purchased by Colonel Powell as a pleasure-yacht

Blanche Hillary made her promised visit in the spring. She was a gay and pleasant companion for Kate, and added daily to her own stock of romantic and sentimental ideas. Col. Powell's negro Sam was sent to the city at least once a week and returned regularly with a little cargo of duodecimos in paper covers with red cambric backs, bearing white labels, whereon were printed sundry euphonious names of promise to a lady novel-reader.—Blanche was always on the *qui vive* for adventures, and could never look upon the raking masts, sharp bows, and delicate tracery of the Dancing Feather without heaving a sigh to the handsome pirate, who once offered her a ring, and whose image was inseparably associated in her mind with that of Byron's Corsair, fond Medora's lover. She used sometimes of a pleasant summer morning, to take her novel and saunter forth into the little oak wood, accompanied only by the faithful Neptune.

One sunny day in June she might have been seen seated on a rustic chair, her bonnet fallen back, her book dropping idly from her fair hand, and her eyes looking listlessly upon the sparkling waters as they danced beneath the golden sun, while her senses were lulled by the near and monotonous plash of oars from a boat which was pulling along shore, hidden, however, from her view by rocks and foliage. The cessation of the chiming strokes roused her from her reverie, and at the same time Neptune, sprang before her and commenced barking furiously.

"Down, sir! down!" cried Blanche, and the dog obeyed her musical voice, but his erect head and bristling hair testified his watchfulness.—A rustling in the bushes preceded the appearance of a man, who struggled through them, as he climbed the surface of a rock and then raised himself to his full height as he attained the level ground. His cheek was pale and somewhat emaciated, his eye had lost much of its recklessness and fire, but Blanche recognized in the form before her that of the former commander of the Dancing Feather.—She uttered a slight scream, which drew the attention of Carlton at once upon her.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I dreamed not of this—happiness. Happiness?" he repeated with a sneer, as if questioning his own expression, "yet it is happiness to gaze upon so innocent a countenance."

Blanche resisted a sort of fascination which impelled her to remain, and, without one word of reply turned to depart. But Carlton anticipated her intention. He flung himself in her way, implored her, to stay and hear him for a moment and even knelt to enforce his request.

"Hear me!" cried he, vehemently, "I am a broken hearted man—ruined in reputation—fortune—I am only seeking an honorable death. There was a time when I might have looked to a companionship with—yes—even such as you—but that is past."

"You may yet live to wipe out the stain upon your name," said Blanche, commiserating the mental suffering he evinced.

"Never! Yet listen to me. I hoped to wrap the colors of my country round me and lie on the deck of fame—but there is no war pending now—and the stars and stripes sweep the seas in triumph. But I go where there is death at least if there is no glory to be won—against the Mexicans."

"To encounter danger," faltered Blanche.

"To certain death—for I have sworn to sacrifice this hated life. But you, fair one—whose name I have breathed when my thoughts were purest—who taught me at a glance to believe there might be one woman innocent and pure.—Pardon me for the insult that I dared to offer on our former meeting, and pray for me when I am gone."

"Leave me sir," said Blanche—"I pity you—I pardon you."

"Go, then," said Carlton rising, and stepping aside, while he folded his arms upon his breast: "I have but one more request to make of you—do not breathe to human being—last of all to Hayward—that you have seen me here until a day at least has past. I exact no promise, madam, for I know your nature is too generous to permit you to add weight to misery like mine."

Blanche bowed her head in assent, turned, and with a beating heart and palled cheek, rushed home and hurried to her chamber. She was thoroughly terrified by the adventure, and though her woman's heart felt some compassion for the outlaw, her reason whispered her that an actual outcast from society was very different from the *coleur de rose* representative of him given in the novels of the Minerva press.

That night her pretty head rested uneasily upon her pillow, for many a wild vision flittered through it. About midnight she rose from her couch, and seating herself at the window, gazed upon the beautiful scene without. The round full moon was high up in the heaven and shone on the tided waters whose surface grew each moment rougher under the effects of a fresh and increasing breeze from the west. The Dancing Feather rode restlessly at anchor, as if impatient to spread her snowy wings and skim the waters like buoyant a seabird. And lo! as she gazed upon the schooner, Blanche Hillary thought she perceived figures moving on her deck. Was this a sport of her imagination? Some figures clustered near the schooner's bows and and it actually seemed as if her head swung free. Sluggishly now she shook out her sails as by an act of violation. There could be no mistake! up went the gaff-top-sails; the mainsail expanded its white canvass and was strained to its utmost tension—the square foresail jib, and jib, were hoisted simultaneously. A tail figure appeared at the stern resting on the tiller, the bellying sails filled freely with the wind and with a rushing sound, like that of many wings, the Dancing Feather was "once more, upon the waters!"

The exclamations of Blanche aroused Colonel Powell, who slept in an adjoining room, from his first deep slumber, he in turn called up Hayward, and half a dozen heads, black and white, appeared from as many windows simultaneously; but regret and pursuit were alike unavailing, for far, far away, fast vanishing from view, they saw the tall spars of the Dancing Feather fading into the deep blue summer heaven, and her white sails shimmering on the ghostly moonshine, like the cloudy canvass of the Storm-Ship. In the morning Blanche related her adventures, and none of her auditors entertained a doubt that the Dancing Feather had fallen again into the hands of her first commander.—She was never more seen in Long Island Sound and the waters of New-York Bay, but an account was published in the papers of a sea-fight in which a Texian armed schooner, answering precisely to the

description of the Dancing Feather, was sunk with her commander and most of her crew, after a hard battle with a Mexican sloop of war. Soon after this Colonel Powell received a letter, the sole contents of which was a check on one of the New York banks to the full value of the Dancing Feather.

In course of time a burly one-armed gentleman with a very sanguinary complexion and most ferocious pair of whiskers, appeared suddenly behind the bar of a tap room in Chatham street, one fourth of July morning, and immediately received no small degree of patronage. He had a wife, with rather an intelligent and handsome countenance though impaired by an expression of sorrow, and at times fierceness, whom the husband sometimes called, "Hetty. She was not seen much, however, being chiefly occupied in a back apartment divided from the bar by a glass door over which hung a dingy red bombazine curtain marvellously affected by flies. The one-armed man was very fond of sitting on a three-legged stool with his coat off, talking about "Equality," and the "Right of the People,"—and any allusion to his maimed limb was sure to elicit certain long winded stories of Life in Texas, and sea fights with the Mexicans, and one engagement in particular, wherein the one-armed man affirmed the vessel that he served in was blown up by the explosion of the magazine, and he alone, of all the crew, survived.

Blanche Hillary dwelt long on her interview with Carlton, and even purposed making him the hero of a novel, but was diverted from her purpose by marrying a naval hero who commanded a fine sloop of war. But neither, her uncle, nor Henry Hayward, could even banish from their minds the recollection of the DANCING FEATHER.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born on the twenty-ninth of October, 1796, in the Moorfield, London, where his father and grandfather kept a livery-stable.—His birth is said to have been premature; he was a feeble and sickly child; and whatever had been the cast of his life, it would probably have been of brief duration. He received the rudiments of a classical education at Endfield, and on leaving school was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton; but coming into possession of a small patrimony, he abandoned the study of a profession, and determined to devote his time to poetry. Mr. CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE, editor of "The Riches of Chaucer," introduced him to LEIGH HUNT then proprietor of the "Examiner," in which appeared the first poems he ever published. "I shall never forget," writes Mr. HUNT, "the impression made upon me by the exuberant specimens of genuine, though young, poetry, which were laid before me, the promise of which was seconded by the fine, fervid countenance of the writer." They soon became very intimate. "We read and walked together," says HUNT, "and used to write verses of an evening upon a given subject! no imaginative pleasure was left unnoticed by us, or unenjoyed; from the recollection of the bards and patrons of old, to the luxury of a summer rain at our window, or the clicking of the coal in winter-time." At this time KEATS was twenty-one; in

the next year, 1817, appeared his volume of poetry, and in the following spring, "Endymion." They were badly received by the critics. Every one, we suppose, has heard of the bitter review attributed to GIFFORD, in the Quarterly, which, with some show of reason, was said to have caused the poet's death. It was in the common vein of those critics who, misapprehending the nature of their vocation read only to discover faults. The poems, with, great and singular beauties, had, indeed, their blemishes, such as are common to young authors. They were diffuse, and abounded in strange words, and unallowable rhymes; but they contained noble passages, such as were never written by any other author of so immature an age. It is best, generally, to point out with honest frankness a young writer's faults; too much censure is better than over-praise; but KEATS was morbidly sensitive, quite unfit to bear the unsparing ridicule and invective with which his works were greeted, embittering the residue of his brief life, if they did not cause his death.

After the publication of "Endymion," KEATS made excursions into Scotland, and to the south of England and the Isle of Wight. During a severe illness which followed, he was watched over with tender solicitude by his friends Mr. CHARLES BROWN and LEIGH HUNT. Though depressed he was not disheartened, and he wrote in two years his "Lamia," "Isabella," "Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion," and some minor poems, which were printed in 1820. "He sent them out," says SHELLEY, with "a careless despair," without confidence or fear. But the world was now prepared to render a different verdict upon his works.—"Hyperion," BYRON, "seems inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus." Praise was not yet universal, but it came from the high-priests of genius.

In October of this year, KEATS left England, never to return. He sailed for Naples, whence he soon went to Rome. He lingered there, in gradual decline, until the year was nearly closed, gentle, and patient, and grateful for every kindness. He knew that he was dying. "I feel the daisies growing over me," he said one day, and at another time he requested that if any epitaph were put above him, it should be, "*Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*" He died on the twenty-seventh of December, 1820, and was buried close by the pyramid of Cestus, in the cemetery of the English Protestants, at Rome; "a place so beautiful," says SHELLEY, "that it might almost make one in love with death."

"He was under the middle height," says LEIGH HUNT, "and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat and well-turned. His shoulders were very broad for his size; he had a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up—an eager power, checked and made patient by ill-health. Every feature was at once strongly cut and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression, it was in the mouth, which was not without some character of pugnacity. The face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under; the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing—large, dark, and sensitive.—At the recital of a noble action, or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled. In this, there was ill-health as well as imagination, for he did not like these be-

trayals of emotion: and he had great personal, as well as moral courage. His hair, of a brown colour, was fine, and hung in natural ringlets.

KEATS was the greatest of all poets who have died so young. His imagination, which he most delighted to indulge through the medium of mythological fable, was affluent and warm. Some of his pictures of this kind are rich beyond any similar productions in our language. They have a voluptuous glow, that prove a keen and passionate sense of the beautiful. The loose versification of many of his works has induced belief that he lacked energy proportionate to the vividness of his conceptions; but the opinion is wrong. Many of his sonnets possess a Miltonic vigor, and his "Eve of St. Agnes," is as highly finished, almost, as the masterpieces of Pope.

MISCELLANY.

A DROLL GENIUS.

A GENTLEMAN, who claims to have descriptive powers of a high order relieves himself of the following:—

Ross, the "Xpress" man who paid \$650 for the first ticket to Jenny Lind's concert in Providence, is a very eccentric personage, and his oddities are well known to every body within fifty miles of Providence. Anything he does will be sure to be done in a different way from what any other person would do it. For instance, in his household matters, he carpets the ceiling and whitewashes the floors. The doors of his house, instead of swinging upon hinges, open by dropping into the cellar. The roof of his dwelling is also inverted, the gutter being in the centre, and the water carried off at the ends. In his dress he is equally *bizarre*. His boots are several inches longer than his feet, running to a point, and curling up like a pig's tail; his coat is buttoned up behind and although we are not positive on this, we believe that in dressing, he puts his pantaloons on over his head. He drives a smart little pony, attached to a low wheeled buggy of which the large wheels are in front. He is eccentric in everything he does and has got the "rocks."

A DUELLING ANECDOTE.

Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. "We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions. At this moment, a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said, "Gentleman, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and if you would—" "My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers, "don't you see my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a charitable humor." "It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffin." At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into loud fit of laughter, and, simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

A SENSIBLE SPEECH FROM A SENSIBLE DARKEY.

At a meeting recently of the colored people, in relation to the fugitive slave law, after the excitement had been wrought up to the highest pitch and every nigger was ready to go out and cut the throats of all the white people in the city, a sensible old man arose, and said:

"My friends, I think we are gwine a little too fast in dis matter. We talk about arming ourselves and resisting dis law; but it appears to me, my bredrin, dat de best ting we can do would be to raise a fund to help de fugitive to get out ob de way of dem slave catchers. For, now suppose my bredrin dat we had a first-rate fight, and get one ob dese ugi-tives clear, and five or six of us get killed in de muss, now in my opinion dat would 'be a losing game.' It 'pears to me now dat ain't exactly de way to save niggas anyhow."

We concided with this colored gentleman.—*Boston Mails.*

SPEAK ENGLISH.

WAITER is my chicken broiling?"

"No, sir, the cook is."

"But I didn't order the cook. He is no touch."

"How will you have it done?"

"Why, I want it broiled, to be sure."

"That he is, doing, sir."

"But you said he was broiling himself."

"So he is, but he is not being broiled."

"Well, Mr. Waiters, (rising and bowing reverently) may I ask your high grammarticularity, is my chicken being broiled?"

"Yes, sir-ree!"

A YOUNG JAPHET.

"My son, can you take a trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger stepping from a boat on the levee, to a ragged youngster, who sat balancing himself on the trail of a dray.

"Your son?" cried the boy, eyeing him from head to foot. "Well, I'll be dod drabbed if I ain't in luck. Here I've been trying to find out my daddy for three years, and all of a sudden comes old boss himself, and knows me right off. How are you?" stretching out a muddy looking paw.

The traveller was nonplussed. Between a smile and a frown he inquired—

"What is your name, sir?"

"My name? So you don't know?—Well, it's nothin' for people in these parts to have so many children that they don't know their names. My name's Bill, but some folks call me William for short. What the other is I reckon you know.—If you don't, you must ax the old 'oman."

And shouldering the trunk, he marched off towards the hotel, mumbling to himself—

"Well, this is a go. The old gemman's come home at last. Good clothes, big trunk must have the tin. Well I am in luck."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following extract from a sermon preached in Newark, N. J. will be read with pleasure:

"What do these fomenters of disunion want? What would they have? Is the union to be quietly dissolved like mist before the rising sun? Or will it not rather bring servile and civil war? What shall be done with those hallowed places around which cling the memories of the country?"

Northern bayonets gleamed among the hills of Carolina, and Southern men died at Saratoga; the North was not absent from the event at Yorktown, and Southern feet bled at Trenton.

"And Mount Vernon! Whose shall it be? Will any American be willing to visit his father's grave by stealth or sufferance?—Whose cannon shall desecrate that hallowed ground? Or rather whose blood shall drench the burial place of Washington? The mind shudders at the thought. And who is willing that such thing shall be? Shall New Jersey again become the Flanders of America? Shall New Brunswick see again the old sycamore in Burnet street converted into the flagstaff of a foreign foe? Again, what joy would our desolation bring to our enemies! The despots of Europe would exchange notes of congratulation and the fiends of hell hold high carnival! Then let us avoid disunion, respect the laws, and beware how we blot out our stars in endless night, and stain our stripes with our own blood."

HOW TO DESTROY AN ENEMY.

ANGLEE, Emperor of China, being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the provinces, said—

"Come, then, my friends, follow me, and I promise you that we shall very quickly destroy them."

He marched forwards, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but they were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity.

"How?" cried his first minister. "Is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise."

Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and, behold you have pardoned all, and have caressed some."

"I promised," replied the Emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies," I have fulfilled my word, for see they are my enemies no longer, I have made friends of them."

A STANDARD OF WISDOM.

We did not make the world—we may mend it and we must live in it. We shall find it abounds in fools who are too DULL to be employed, and knaves who are too SHARP. But the compound character is the most common, and it is that with which we shall have the most to do. As he who knows how to put proper words in proper places evinces the truest knowledge of books, so that he knows how to put fit stations, evinces the truest knowledge of men. It was observed of Elizabeth, that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to choose wise counsellors was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.

The man that was heard lecturing a fire plug for standing on the corners at late hours on New Year's night, ran against an editor, and mistaking him for a gentleman, begged his pardon. He was afterwards seen to give the Irishman who keeps the apple stand at the large gate in the Park, two cents, and was heard to inquire "How long before the cussed ferry boat will be in?" He is evidently a Brooklynite, and had no doubt met with so many smiles from the ladies that it overcame him.

RAISING THE DUST.

(A new dodge).—Well dressed gentleman going down Broadway—man with a broom, sweeping sidewalk; time, midway—wind high, N. N. W.

Gent.—“Phew! phew! What are you about there, man?”

Sweep.—Takes no notice, but works on violently.

Gent.—“Phew, thunder! what are you about there, sir?”

Sweep.—“I’m a hopposition, sir; a waiting to be bought off.”

Gent.—“Here’s a shilling—cut. Look what the fellow has done with my wardrobe.”

LOGICAL.

THE number of witnesses, “said a learned judge “always increases the probability of a fact. Two, are better than one, and three are better than two.

“I beg your pardon,” said the prisoner at the bar, “If I publish a piece of mine in my newspaper, and head it ‘original,’ the more papers that copy it, and declare it original, the less original it becomes.”

“That is because the first one who copies it affirms to a lie,” said the Judge.

“That is just the way here, your honor,” retorted the prisoner, “the first witness told a lie, and all the rest have sworn to it.”

GOLDEN RULES FOR BRIDES.

RESOLVE every morning to be cheerful that day; and should anything occur to break your resolution, suffer it not in the least to put you out of temper with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it may; but much rather deny yourself the satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel or create a heart-burning, of which it is impossible to see the end.

Implicit submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife, to the just will of her husband, is what she promised at the altar—what also the good will revere her for; and what is, in fact, the greatest honor she can receive.

Be assured, a woman’s power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband’s esteem and love, which it is her interest, by all possible means, to preserve and increase—share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost assiduity conceal his errors.

EXAMINATION.

A SCHOOL mistress presented herself before the superintending school committee of one of our country towns, for the purpose of being examined in the branches of education necessary to teach the young idea to shoot, when the following dialogue took place:

Gents.—“I have come to get my certificate of my qualification to keep school in this town.”

Mr.—“Well, I have a few questions to ask.—(With dignity)—How old are you?”

“Eighteen, sir.”

Mr.—“How much do you weigh?”

“One hundred and fifty.”

Mr.—“How many cows does your father keep?”

“Nine, sir.”

Mr.—“Ain’t you a cousin to Harriet Felton?”

“I am not acquainted with her.”

Mr.—“Think you can lick Sam Jones’s Bill? He’s an awful bad boy.”

“Yes, sir, I think I can, if it is necessary.”

Mr.—“Well, I guess you’ll pass; and if you have any trouble in flogging Bill Jones send for me.”

CONUNDRUM.

“I SAY, Clem,” said one darkey to another, “can you told me why a nigger is never dead broke?”

“No, Ginger,” said Clem, “I don’t know; and darfore drops de subjee’ without a’spression.

“Well, den,” returned the other darkey, “I’ll tell you why a nigger is never dead broke; it’s becase he always has a scent about him.

“Eh-ch, honey,” said Clem, “but den you know its a bad scent—so de nigger’s dead broke after all.”

MCHAMMED’S DEFINITION OF CHARITY.

His definition of charity embraced the wide circle of kindness. “Every good act,” he would say, “is charity. Your smiling in your brother’s face is charity—an exhortation of your fellow men to virtuous deeds, is equal to alms-giving—your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity—your assisting the blind, is charity—your removing stones and thorns, and other obstructions from the road, is charity—your giving water to the thirsty, is charity. A man’s true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies, people will say, ‘What property has he left behind him?’ But the angels who examine him in the grave, will ask, ‘What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?’”

WE RID.—A young man and a female once upon a time, stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the members of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female, by inquiring how far she had travelled that day.

“Travelled!” exclaimed the stranger somewhat indignantly, “we didn’t travel, we rid!”

A SIGN.—“CESAR, who you be mournin’ for?” queried an ebony individual of a brother darkey, one morning, who was sporting a crape upon his felt of ample dimensions, “I isn’t mournin’ for nobody, Pete; you see de fac is, my wife am run away wid Bill Mungo, de black leg nigger, and ye sees as how I jes wares dis here crape to let de colored gals know I haint got no wife!”

PILING UP THE AGONY.

SOMEBODY has been trying to cheat the editor of the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, whereupon the editor discourseth, as follows:

“The man who wofully sets himself upon cheating the printer would rob a crying baby of its gingerbread, take the last bit of hoe-cake from a starving negro, rob the church of counterfeit half-pennies, steal the buttons of a blind man’s coat, pawn the whiskers of a dandy for a glass of liquor, skin a toad for its hide, and take the clothes off a scarecrow to make a respectable appearance in society.”

TO KEEP EGGS FROM SPOILING.—EAT them while they are fresh. We have tried all kind of

methods, but this we think is the only one to be relied on “in any climate.”

SAMSON No. 2.—There is a young Nova Scotian in Boston who is seven feet four and a half inches in height, measures fifty-six inches around his breast, and only weighs 355 pounds. He is nineteen years old, and will probably be a large man, if his daily practice of carrying a ton of coal under each arm does not interfere with his growth.

“Do you find my eyes expressive of my feelings?” said a sentimental lover to a lady he desired to please. “Oh, yes! I presume so,” said the lady, “they make me think of a codfish dying with toothache!”

UNMARRIED young ladies, read this, and never let slip a fair opportunity to get doubled. Swedenborg says, that “though the virgins he saw in heaven were beautiful, the wives were incomparably more beautiful and went on increasing in beauty evermore.”

“PA,” said a little fellow the other day, “wasn’t Job an Editor?” Why, Sammy?” “Because the Bible says he had much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life!”

WHY is a clock the most humble thing in existence?—Because it always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.

THE friendship of some persons is like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

AN old lady who sell eggs in Cincinnati, has over her door, “new laid eggs every morning, by Betty Briggs.”

IT is singular how slippery whiskey punch will make the side walks.

AN old maid is like a jug without a handle; there is no taking hold of her.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. H. Cedarville, N. Y. \$0.50; E. W. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; L. J. B. Smithville, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. Boston, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Burr Oak, Mich. \$5.00; P. M. Leoni, Mich. \$4.00; P. M. Adams, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Centre Sherman, N. Y. \$4.00; P. M. Fawn River, Mich. \$1.50; P. M. Marathon, N. Y. \$2.00; E. S. B. Gloverville, N. Y. \$4.00; P. M. Chaumont, N. Y. \$0.50; S. T. M. Clyde, N. Y. \$2.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Darling, Mr. Augustus McKinstry, to Mrs. E. H. McKinstry.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Addison A. Noyes, of Hudson, to Miss Catharine Gardner, of Sheffield, Mass.

At Churchtown, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Duy, Mr. Edward Taylor, of this city, to Miss Mary A. Stickles, of Claverack.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. I. C. Boice, Mr. Edward Gernon, to Miss Caroline Jones, both, of Claverack.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 8th inst. Kate, daughter of Henry and Sarah Jane Miller, aged 2 years, 10 months and 11 days.

On the 18th inst. Caroline Carter, aged 14 years and 3 months.

At Pittsburgh, 24th ult. John Foord, Esq. aged 66 years, formerly a resident of Hudson, N. Y.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TO LIELIA.

I'm thinking of the time Lielia,
The time long passed away.
When love enkindled in our hearts,
Had dreamt of no decay.
Each felt the other was Lielia,
A something that must be,
A need that every heart has known,
In love's serenity.

The joys those moments gave Lielia,
I never can forget
Remembered will they ever be,
Nor have I wished it yet.
'Twas not a flickering fire Lielia,
That flashes and is done,
It burns as true within my heart,
As when it first begun

Oh! do not think I blame Lielia,
Such thoughts were never mine,
My heart's fond wishes ever yield,
As offerings to thine.
One boon I still will ask Lielia,
That thou'll remember me
As some lone friend who once was dear,
Now cast in imagery.

Lima, N. Y. 1850.

O.

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

FAINT and sad was the moonbeam's smile,
Sullen the moon of the dying wave;
Hoarse the wind in St. Helen's isle,
As I stood by the side of NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

And is it here that the hero lies,
Whose name has shaken the earth with dread?
And is this all that the earth supplies—
A stone his pillow—the turf his bed?

Is such the morn' of human life?
Are these the limits of glory's reign?
Have oceans of blood, and an age of strife,
And a thousand battles been all in vain?

Is nothing left of his victories now
But legions broken—a sword in rust—
A crown that cumbers a dotard's brow—
A name and a requiem—dust to dust?

Of all the chieftains whose thrones he rear'd,
Was there none that kindness or faith could bind?
Of all the monarchs whose crowns he spared,
Had none one spark of his Roman mind?

Did Prussia cast no repentant glance?
Did Austria shed no remorseful tear,
When England's truth, and thine honour, France,
And thy friendship, Russia, were blasted here?

No; holy leagues, like the heathen heaven,
Ungodlike shrunk from the giant's shock;
And glorious TITAN, the unforgiven,
Was doom'd to his vulture, and chains, and rock.

And who were the gods that decreed thy doom?
A German CÆSAR—a Prussian sage—
The dandy prince of a counting-room—
And a Russian Greek of earth's darkest age.

Men call'd the despot, and call'd thee true;
But the laurel was earn'd that bound thy brow;
And of all who wore it, alas! how few
Were freer from treason and guilt than thou!

Shame to thee, Gaul, and thy faithless horde!
Where was the oath which thy soldiers swore?

Fraud still lurks in the gown, but the sword
Was never so false to its trust before.

Where was thy veteran's boast that day,
"The old Guard dies, but it never yields?"
O! for one heart like the brave DESAIX,
One phalanx like those of thine early fields!

But, no, no, no!—it was Freedom's charm
Gave them the courage of more than men;
You broke the spell that twice nerved each arm,
Though you were invincible only then.

Yet St. Jean was a deep, not a deadly blow;
One struggle and France all her faults repairs—
But the wild FAYETTE and the stern CARNOT
Are dupes, and ruin thy fate and theirs!

THE OLD "POD AUGER DAYS."

I SAW an aged man at work—
He turned an nuger round;
And ever and anon he'd pause,
And meditate profound;
"Good morning, friend," quoth I to him—
Art thinking when to raise?"
"Oh! no," said he, "I'm thinking on
The old "pod-auger days."

"True, by the hardest then, we wrought,
With little extra aid;
On honor were the things we bought,
On honor those we made;
And now invention stalks abroad,
Deception dogs her ways;
Things different are from what they were
In old "pod-auger days."

"Then homely was the fare we had,
And home-pun what we wore;
Then scarce a niggard pulled the string
Inside his cabin door.
Then humbugs did not fly so thick
As half the world to haze;
That sort of bug was scarcely known
In old "pod-auger days."

"Then men were strong, and woman fair,
Were hearty as the doe;
Then few so dreadful "feeble" were,
They could not knit and sew;
Then girls could sing, and they could work,
And thumb grid iron lays;
That sort of music took the palm
In old "pod-auger days."

"Then men were patriots—rare indeed
An Arnold or a Burr;
They loved their country, and in turn
Were loved and blest by her.
Then Franklin, Sherman, Ritenhouse,
Earned well the nation's praise,
We've not the Congress that we had
In old "pod-auger days."

"Then, slow and certain was the word;
Now, de'il the hindmost take;
Then buyers rattled down the tin;
Now, words must payment make;
Then murder-doing villains soon
Were decked in hempen bays;
We did not murder in our sleep,
In old "pod-auger days."

"So wags the world; 'tis well enough,
If wisdom went by steam,
But in my day she used to drive
A plain old-fashioned team;
And justice with her bandage off
Cannot see choice in ways;
She used to sit blindfold and stern
In old "pod-auger days."

THE CAREFUL OLD LADY.

THE old lady sat in her rocking-chair,
Darn, darn, darn;
The fire was bright and the night was fair,
Darn, darn, darn;
The stocking was old, and the heel was worn,

But she was well furnished with needle and yarn,
And well she knew how the heel to turn;

Darn, darn, darn;
She had sat in her chair from morn till night
Darn, darn, darn;
And still her eye was watchful and bright,
Darn, darn, darn;

For well she used her needle to ply,
And every hole in a stocking could spy,
And to mend it faithfully she would try,
Darn, darn, darn;

Young ladies, if ever you hope to be wives,
Darn, darn, darn;

For many a call you will have in your lives
To darn, darn, darn;
Would you keep your children neat and clean?
Would you save their toes from frost-bites keen?
Then never believe that darnings are mean,
But darn, darn, darn.

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